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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. NO. 643. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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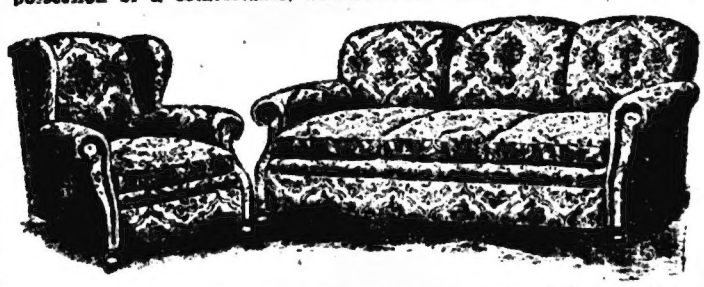

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Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 643. **Week ending Saturday, September 28th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Austria's Offer.
Of course, it really came from Germany. But why did Mr. Balfour require four thousand words to say "Take it away"?

"Reparation."
We wish the Prime Minister would define the exact meaning he attaches to this word in the Allies' Terms of Peace. Does it, or does it not, include an Indemnity?

Baku Blundering.
We always had our doubts about the wisdom of this little expedition, and we were not surprised to learn, weeks ago, of the disaster which overtook it. But why on earth was the publication of the news first forbidden?

The General Election.
The date still hangs in the balance. The Prime Minister is all for it whilst the war news is so good, but Mr. Walter Long is not the only responsible statesman who sees danger in substituting ballot papers for bullets at this stage. Still, the wily little Welshman will have his way.

An Embarrassing Choice.
Meanwhile, we are simply "snowed under" with offers of constituencies. But we fancy that *if* we decide to return to the House, it would take a great deal of temptation to lure us from our old love, South Hackney.

May it please His Majesty.
Would the King be graciously pleased, as he was in the case of Jonas, to deprive Sir Edgar Speyer of *his* baronetcy? And, by the way, we notice that the Jonas firm is still being advertised as "Sir Joseph Jonas, Colver and Co., *Limited*." That company, too, must change its name.

"Libelling the Soldier."
The *New Statesman* is angry with us for quoting with approval a sentence from a letter recently received by us from an officer of high rank, to the effect that "our fellows haven't got time to take many prisoners—it uses up too many of our men to watch them." That is called libelling the soldiers; but so far *they* haven't served us with any writs.

Winter Racing.
We have frequently emphasised the importance, from an Army point of view, of maintaining steeplechasing and hurdle racing—and now we have, at last, the definite promise from the President of the Board of Trade that "the ban on racing will be removed just as soon as conditions permit." Well, that shouldn't be long.

Hun Prisoner Scandals.
We told you last week that we had something up our sleeve, and our leading article in this issue will open your eyes.

The Luxury Tax.
Surely a much simpler plan would be to put a penny in the £ on all purchases over £1, except of food? It would bring in millions.

Bravo, Lord Forester!
In putting up to auction certain property, Lord Forester makes it one of the Conditions of Sale that no lot shall be sold to a person of alien birth—naturalised or not. Other vendors, please copy.

Kitchener's Death.
We are glad to see that Mr. Arnold White has withdrawn that story of the code cablegram to Germany, prior to Kitchener's departure. But why *can't* we have the Report of the Official Inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*?

A Check on Cheques.
What idiot is responsible for the order that there is to be a time limit for affixing adhesive stamps on cheques, to make up the new tax? Whenever was it compulsory that cheques should bear impressed stamps?

"The Stuff to Give 'Em!"
This is how they do it in America: Citizen Debs, who stood four times as Socialist candidate for the U.S. Presidency, has got ten years' imprisonment for prejudicing recruiting. We hope it is "hard."

Ironical.
Have you ever passed through Salisbury Square of an evening and noticed the squadron of motor cars—some of them regular petrol-eaters—waiting outside the offices of the War Savings Committee, to take home tired officials?

News From Newquay.
We do not remember having read in the papers any accounts of the anti-German rioting, and the clearing out of Hun residents at this fine seaside resort—nor of course, of the terrible number of vessels recently torpedoed off that coast.

Our Latest Job.
Thus writes an officer from the Western Front: "There is only one thing which worries me now, and that is that so soon as we have won, the confounded politicians will make a rotten peace"; and then comes the startling suggestion that *we* should be a delegate to the Peace Conference! But why a Conference at all? We can send *our* Terms by post.

Watch Liverpool!
We hear strange rumours in cotton circles of the doings of the Liverpool (Egyptian) Official Values Committee. Look out for revelations!

Berlin Next.
What are the odds against our airmen bombing Berlin at an early date? If this is "giving information to the enemy," we hope he will enjoy it.

Lord Haldane.
Is it the fact that this egregious "Spiritual-Homer" is now occupied, on behalf of the Government, in "interviewing" returned prisoners from Germany? If so, it is damnable.

That O.B.E.
Can you wonder that there is great indignation on the part of gallant war heroes at this new, and somewhat cosmopolitan, Order taking precedence over the D.S.O. and I.S.O. (Imperial Service Order)?

"The Hidden Hand."
We are glad to know that the play with this title at the Strand Theatre has thoroughly caught on, and is playing to crowded houses. Everybody who wants to know how we were fooled before the war should see it.

The Richest Man.
According to a contemporary, the richest man in this country is Sir Basil Zarahoff, who "has not less than twenty millions invested in British munition works," adding, laconically, "he is probably a Greek." Why "probably"?

"Judicial Niceties."
It was very good of "F. E.," as Attorney-General, to give us his opinion that there is nothing in international law against the punishment of criminals of war; but we fancy that when it comes to settling accounts we shan't trouble ourselves very much about precedents. We will *make* international law.

Miners at the Front.
Several miners at the Front write us that they are doing quite trivial work in Labour Battalions, and could easily be released. But one of them says he prefers the comparative freedom of the trenches, "and plenty of food and good beer" to the "controlled" state of things at home!

A Solution.
Wouldn't one solution be to ask the working miners to abandon the eight-hours day "for the duration," and put in an extra hour—being allowed special rations in return?

"Conscience" Money.

A conscientious objector, single, aged 23, recently arrived at the prison in Welford Road, Leicester. His mother visited him the other day, and she informed him, with pride swelling her bosom, that she was now receiving an increased allowance of 12s. 6d. a week. If the son had been an honest fighting man instead of a dirty "conchy," she would get no more!

A Girl's Wages.

It is hard to imagine that a Lowestoft firm can have the conscience to pay a girl 7s. 6d. a week for 55 hours' work. But it does. It is not easy work, either, for the job is to pull a barrow laden with crates from the quay, about 2,000 crates a day being the average—sweating work, at a sweating wage, which her employers should considerably augment before they go to church next Sunday.

Calling the Greyheads.

He is a fisherman, and has been since boyhood. One son has been killed at sea, two are in the Navy. He, within two months of his 50th birthday, has received his papers to go and be changed into a soldier. Even to that he would not object if it were his turn, but there are younger single "fishermen," nearly new to that calling, in his town, and they are still untroubled. The greyheads must not go first.

Sky Pilot and JOHN BULL.

"Richbon. Happened on the road here. Newspaper boy selling 'J. B.' Army Chaplain: 'Boy!' No reply. 'I say, boy!' No reply. 'I say, boy, have you a paper?' Boy: 'No, I've JOHN BULL.' Army Chaplain: 'I call that a filthy rag.' Boy: 'Yer needn't call it at all. I'm calling it. JOHN BULL! JOHN BULL!' Needless to say, the sky pilot left disgusted, and the grinning Sappers crowded round and bought." Abuse and advertisement are sometimes synonymous.

Justice.

If all things in this war happened justly, most people who go on strike and lots who don't would have to change places on the battlefield with those who fight. Consider those Tottenham munition workers who, though proved to be earning over £4 a week, refused to contribute a single penny to the maintenance of their aged parents, who have had to seek food and shelter in the workhouse. A course of khaki would probably alter their moral ideas of things a bit.

Penalising a Police Patriot.

A member of the Eastbourne Borough Police joined H.M. Forces on November 25th, 1915, on the understanding that, if by ill-chance he were disabled, he would be looked after out of the Superannuation Police Fund—that is to say, out of the Fund to which, as a police constable, he had himself subscribed. In 1916 he returned from France, and in January last, after some sixteen months in hospital, was discharged quite disabled—lame in both feet. On placing the facts before the authorities, he was informed—without being given any reason—that nothing would be granted him. Being unfit for further police service, he has to subsist on the pittance of 11s. a week, his Army pension, while other disabled policemen from the Eastbourne Force are all in receipt of a police pension. He concludes by asking, "Is it fair?" We refer the question to the Eastbourne Watch Committee.

Old Stock, War Prices.

The enterprising tradesman who sells Hun goods will tell you they are pre-war stock. But he charges war prices. An example comes from Newquay, where a stationer supplied a packet of picture cards for 9d.—old price, 6½d. The publishers are J. Welch and Sons, of Portsmouth. The cards were "Printed in Saxony." Either the wholesaler or the retailer was unblushingly profiteering on goods that must have been printed over four years ago.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed?

What has become of the Professional Classes Unemployment Exchange? It was going to find the professional man the sort of job which would fit him like a glove at a salary which would suit him like his hat. In this year of grace a Beverley resident tells us how he, a man of professional talents and training, registered in 1915, and after three years of waiting and much correspondence with the only Hodge, is as far from a suitable job and salary as ever. He has our sympathy, and if it will assist his earthly prospects he has our permission to mention it to Mr. Hodge.

A Word with the R.S.P.C.A.

It is not easy to grasp the principles upon which the R.S.P.C.A. are acting in regard to their former Inspectors now serving with the Colours. One of these men, posted to the Army Veterinary Corps, complains that his wife's allowance from the Society has lately been reduced from £1 to 2s. 6d. a week, a piece of meanness for which no valid reason can be discovered. It is true that when the Derby Recruiting Scheme was in full swing the Society "saw no reason why Inspectors should go out of their way to be attested," but this does not absolve them from the pledges given to men who saw their patriotic duty in a different light.

Bath Sweating.

Teachers who want to know something about sweating should go to Bath—and stay there. The salary offered by the City Council, through their Education Committee, to an assistant required in the School of Commerce and Languages, is £90 a year, with prospects of reaching £140, at £5 per reach per annum, if he holds on for ten years. As in these days £90 in the hand is worth about £40 in a shop, it follows that the Education Committee of Bath should be ashamed of themselves for offering such a salary to presumably educated men. But, indeed, how can they be educated men at the price? They must be the wash-outs of the teaching profession.

"Make Your Own Cheese."

It's very simple. All you have to do is to send 3s. 6d. to the Utilization Company, 6, Torrens Road, Stratford, London, E. 15. This done, along comes an old painted corned-beef tin—dignified with the title of "metal shape"—a small quantity of powder, "valued at 38s. a pound," and a leaflet which exhibits a lordly disregard of the Business Names Act. Possibly you may think this a poor return for your money, and, being dissatisfied, write to JOHN BULL about it. You may even go so far as to inform the Utilization Company that you are doing so. And, in reply, you may receive a letter from a Mr. M. Elliott, warning you to "see you don't land yourself into a *law suit for libel*." On the whole, we think your better plan is to curb your appetite for cheese, and give the Utilization Company the "go by."

The Red Tape-Worm.

A man who volunteered for agricultural work received 17 different forms to fill up before he could hope to graduate as a labourer. They were intricate and recondite forms, too. If we figure on 20,000 applicants, with 17 forms each, we begin to appreciate the reason why so many officials are engaged. A nice fat meal for the red tape-worm.

Costly Conchies.

Writing from Northern Nigeria, "A London Lad" fiercely bids us contemplate the fact, revealed by the Auditor-General, that last year conscientious objectors cost the country £43,265. It seems such a lot of War Bond that he has to put his fingers in his ears lest he should hear himself think.

The Matchless Rider.

When a carman, subsequently mulcted 15s. for not having a light on his van at Stepney, was gathered in and searched the police found upon him 27½ separate ounces of tobacco and 7 packets of woodbines. The explanation is that he had called at different shops on the road and had bought all these ounces of tobacco with the object of getting matches, but was unable to purchase a single box. We don't doubt the story.

Milk and Consumption.

Apropos of the consumptive who broke a window at 10, Downing Street, to call attention to his case, thus a correspondent: "I am sorry to say I am one of hundreds like the poor fellow. I am ordered by my doctor two quarts of milk a day, which costs over 8s. a week. How can anyone get it out of 5s.? Cannot a little more be found for us?" If our friend suggests this to the Prime Minister, it may stimulate him to increase his official philanthropies.

Cave *Canem!*

If the authorities don't look out, there may be trouble with the prison-warders. Even with housing, medical attendance and medicine for self and family, uniform and boots, twenty-four shillings a week is a shocking wage. And what d'ye think the yearly rise is? Fivepence, so help us! After eight years a warder gets to 28s., and then he mounts at express speed by sevenpence a year for seven years to 32s. A First-class Warder's maximum is 38s., which may take 20 years to reach. Now, Sir George!

Dog-in-the-Manger.

Very many ship captains and officers are unemployed, most of them for very obvious reasons. The American Ministry of Shipping is anxious to secure the services of such men, but the British Ministry of Shipping stands in the way, saying it requires just those officers. Yet it has no appointments to offer them. It is the attitude of the dog-in-the-manger to refuse passports, for here they stand, idle and impoverished, while over there they would be welcomed with open arms and good salaries.

A Bit Too Thick!

It is disgraceful that a new Order should have been made compelling a nurse to sit in the ward with the wounded Hun prisoners at Fulham Military Hospital, instead of, as formerly, in the nurses' common sitting-room. The manners and customs of the prisoners are abominable. The nurses are bravely resolved to put up with very much in the course of their duty, and they treat their patients as they would any others, but they object to being compelled to herd with the swine.

Stucco, Stuck On.

So the permanent War Shrine in Hyde Park, which should be "a monument more lasting than brass," and "not for an age but for all time," is to be stuck about with—stucco. They stick it on theatres, and music-halls, and cafés. Joy of jerry-builders! It is an insult, an outrage, a mockery—a grin through a horse-collar.

Registered Letters Again.

A reader employed at H.M. Floating Dock at Jarrow sent to his wife at Faversham, on May 31st, £3 5s. by registered letter. It has not reached her. The sender has already signed three forms from the General Post Office. The latest reply is a letter indicating that "no time shall be lost" in making the "necessary inquiries." Is there nobody in the P. O. who can get a hustle on?

"Foul" Food.

We have been forced to think of opening an exhibition of war goods. Every post brings us samples of something or other; if it isn't coal it's corn, and if not corn it's kipper or something else out of the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. The latest is a sample of poultry feed which cost the purchaser 4s. 6d. a stone of 14 lbs., though at least 50 per cent, is corn-husk, which no self-respecting fowl will eat. The sender "can obtain the best flour at 2s. 8d. a stone, which, baked into bread, crumbled and dried, would make good poultry food, but——" Precisely. And where would the profiteers come in?

Munford on the Make.

Not personally, we do not mean that; but when he advertises for a lady secretary for Kensington College, Paddington, and requires from applicants not only a stamped addressed envelope, but a shilling for an application form, one naturally wonders who is the pushful profiteer.

A Cold Spot.

It is a plaintive cry that reaches us from a little place outside Shipley, in Yorkshire. Father, of course, is away soldiering. Mother and child are at home in the cottage, and the Coal Officer "allows" them 2 cwt. of coal a week. But mother has been able to obtain only 4 cwt. in six weeks, and is now ending a week with no coal and no fire to cook at. It puzzles her why she cannot obtain what she is rationed for. Alas, we are all trying to solve the same enigma!

Across the Bridge.

From near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, over 100 miners go to the pit. Their track lies across the River Aire, which, in time of rain, is swollen and in flood, so that their boat cannot ferry them. The men have, on such occasions, crossed by the railway bridge. Now, this was terrible trespass on the sacred rights of a railway company—so the other morning a squad of police kept 100 men off the bridge. Incidentally, they also kept them from a day's work, and lost the country the coal they would have got. Something less stupid might be done next time it rains.

A Select Vestry.

The Select Vestry of Liverpool announces that they require the services of a Free Church Minister, and that "it is proposed to attach to the position a stipend of £100 per annum." If the Select Vestry can spare it, we have no doubt the successful applicant can do with it.

Hello, London!

The "Hello!" (London) Girls are getting restless. The very last thing they wish to do is to "down plugs"; but they want somebody to think a bit about them. A night girl gets 26s. a week and 9s. bonus. A day girl, after five years' training, gets 21s. and 12s. 6d. bonus, hoping in the course of years to reach the magnificent maximum of 30s. Overtime and Sunday work are but scurvily recompensed. No wonder these girls look longingly towards the salaries of the bus-conductresses!

This Way for Germans.

Some things are incredible; this seems one of them. It is a man of the R.F.A. at Preston Barracks, Brighton, who assures us of its truth by way of a grievance. "Then we have a Sergeants' Canteen. No one below a sergeant can be served in it. The likes of me would soon be put out of it if we dared to go in; but not later than four weeks ago two German prisoners walked up to the counter of the bar and were there served with tea and cakes." This is taking food out of the jaws of the lion with a vengeance, though we know that where German prisoners in this country are concerned the lion lies down like a lamb.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Hon. John William Davis, American Ambassador.

SIR,—A word of welcome on your appointment to Great Britain. I am not much of a hand at the stilted phraseology with which in some journalistic quarters your appointment has been greeted; but I can assure you that when you arrive we shall be right glad to see you, and that any friendly advances you may make will be met a good deal more than half-way. So give us your hand! JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Sankey, Chairman, Aliens Advisory Committee.

MY LORD,—I am not quite satisfied with your statement that some enemy aliens have been exempted from internment on the ground that their sons, generally born of British mothers, have enlisted in His Majesty's Forces. In not a few cases these lads have joined up in entire opposition to the wishes of their German fathers, and I know of one instance where, for having done so, the son was forbidden his father's house. Obviously, there is no reason why this stiff-necked Hun should escape internment. Such cases call for careful discrimination.

JOHN BULL.

To M. Litvinoff, Russian Bolshevik Agent, London.

DEAR "AMBASSADOR"—It is understood that you are still under police surveillance, but in the present posture of Russian affairs I can see no warrant for the action of the authorities in releasing you from Brixton Prison to return to your residence at Golders Green. It is all very well to tell us that you "will not be allowed to transact any official business for the Russian Government," but until full reparation has been made for the dastardly Bolshevik murder of our Naval Attaché at Petrograd, and an end put to the base intrigue and bloody anarchy which hold Russia in their grip, your proper place and that of other Bolshevik emissaries in this country, is under lock and key.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., Chairman, County of London Sessions.

DEAR JUDGE,—Your conduct in merely binding over two women shoplifters in whose possession £57 worth of goods were found, and making them pay £25 apiece towards the cost of the proceedings, is difficult to understand. Of course, it was nice of the anonymous gentleman to promise to take them into his service. But would you have accepted a similar plea on behalf of a couple of burglars with over £300 in their possession, and so great a quantity of miscellaneous articles at home? And who *was* the gentleman? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Cowdray.

DEAR VISCOUNT,—I am not prepared to acclaim you as a pure-souled public benefactor, but I am glad that your expert services are to be placed at the disposal of the Government in an effort to discover home sources of oil for the use of the Navy. I was not among your most fervent admirers when, as Chairman of the Air Board, you were responsible for the warfare of the clouds—but I fancy you will be more at home below sea-level. Let the good work go on!

JOHN BULL.

To the New Moss Colliery Co., Lancs., and Mr. H. S. Higginbottom, Coal Merchant, Liverpool.

GENTLEMEN,—In the Liverpool Police Court you were proved to have made in one discovered transaction alone an illicit profit of £9,750 by selling coal above the statutory price; and the best wriggle you could make in an effort to get out of the net which had caught your feet at last was "the extraordinary difficulty in interpreting and working the Coal Prices Order"! Men who make the extremity of their country an opportunity for plunder ought to go to gaol. Instead, the Magistrate fined the pair of you a total sum of £2,846, inclusive of costs—so that after all you may grin at him with nearly £7,000 illicit profit still in your dirty pockets. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. George and Thomas Newcombe, Farmers, Highweek, Newton Abbot.

GENEROUS SIRS,—Fancy summoning two wounded soldiers, suffering from shell-shock, because they had plucked, the one man six, the second one, of your paltry apples! They have given up everything for you, sitting snug and safe at home and piling up profits, and you grudge them a few apples! Is it possible that you are Englishmen? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. L. White, Manager, Tramway Co., Grimsby.

DEAR MARTINET,—What is all this I hear about your demand to be saluted by tramway men and women, on or off duty? The salute pestilence must spread like the flu, if you have caught it in so malignant a form. I hear you have dismissed ex-soldiers, brave men with medals, for failing meekly to raise their honourable hands in military salute to your mighty self. They offer to salute you, and will be proud to do so, when you wear the King's uniform but not before. If they are thrown out of work because of that decision, it is a disgrace to the town that they should so suffer.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, Home Office, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The time has, I think, arrived—indeed, my impression is that it arrived long ago but has not been noticed—when the Special Constable has become entitled to the financial recognition of his public service. The hours of his work as a policeman exact from him a leisure and a sacrifice which no other public servant at this or any other time is called upon to make without compensation or reward. Not only does he receive no pay for his labour, but he receives no pay for his travelling expenses, and no allowance whatever is made for his essential meals. He doesn't shout, and he doesn't strike. Sometimes he grouses, and I don't wonder. The labourer, it is written, is worthy of his hire.

JOHN BULL.

MEAT OR METZ?

A STRAIGHT TALK WITH THE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE.

IT need not be said that we are dead against profiteering. The man who to-day forces up prices for his own sordid ends is a traitor to the cause. But not all increases of price are the outcome of this despicable game of profiteering, and that is why we think it only right to explain quite frankly the reasons which have forced the Ministry of Food to declare the need for an increase in the price of meat to the extent of 2d. per lb. We are no apologists for any Government Department. When stupidity or injustice is revealed, we shall always be foremost in criticism and denunciation. And by the way, we have had some hard things to say about the Argentine Meat "ramp," which undoubtedly since the outbreak of war has done much to force up prices.

But present conditions are in a large degree inevitable, and when the consumer is asked to pay more for his beef he will be quite ready to do so provided he is convinced that the shameless profiteer is not lurking in the background. Let us explain. It was to prevent profiteering, and to ensure the fair distribution of foreign and home-killed meat, that the Food Controller became the sole purchaser of all imported meat destined for civilian consumption. Meat is purchased in North America and in the Argentine by the Ministry, direct. But, in addition, the Department is now the only buyer and seller of livestock for slaughter. Every farmer in this country is forced to sell his cattle at a certain fixed price, and the meat is then sold to the butcher at the price paid to the farmer. But there is something else which has to be taken into account, viz., the cost of distribution to the consumer—to you and us. This is where the price inevitably rises. There is the raillage, the driving to market, the cost of slaughtering, market and weighing tolls, the cost of the carriage of the dead meat, and so on. Now in the past these expenses were covered by the State profits on the imported meat. But the prices ruling in the United States are so high that that means of recovering the difference is now denied to the Ministry.

How has this come about? That is a question the British housewife has a right to ask when she is called upon to pay more for her meat. The answer is forthcoming. While the price of home-killed meat is to-day considerably lower than it was a year ago, we have been compelled to import increasing quantities from America. There the quotation has steadily risen, although it should be explained that the purchases for British civilian consumption are made at the same figures as are paid by the United States Navy and Army, while Mr. Hoover, the Clynes of America, has taken steps to control the profits made by the packing houses. In spite of this, the fact remains that every pound of American meat sold in this country at existing wholesale and retail prices means a loss to the Government. This loss has been incurred upon many thousands of tons since the rationing scheme was instituted. These may be rather hard and dry facts, but they are of importance, because they go to justify the need for the proposed increase to the public.

There is another fact which must not be lost sight of. The farmer has a right to a fair return on his outlay and his labour—not the profiteering farmer of whom we have had a good deal to say, and shall have more to say if necessary, but the farmer who is rearing cattle under strict regulation of the Ministry. Now we do not need to be country folk to know that in the summer the luscious meadows of England provide free food for the browsing beasts. But in winter and the early spring stock has to be fattened at considerable expense. And naturally, if cattle are to be held back from the markets in the autumn and brought forward in the winter when we all want more meat, the farmer needs some extra inducement to meet the added expense.

By the time winter is upon us our American Allies will have in France a very large Army—an Army such as has never been excelled in history. That rather irritating jade, D.O.R.A., will not let us suggest the actual figures. But this we will dare to say—that if Germany is not knocked out in the West before that time, let the Devil try to help her when x million "Sammies" are marching with us to the Rhine *en route* to Berlin! Now this great Army from across the Herring Pond will have to be fed—Napoleon found out long ago that an Army fights best on a full stomach. And to the fighting man meat is bone and sinew—the twin essentials of the victory which is just staring us in the face. To feed the American stalwarts means that the amount of tonnage available for bringing over frozen meat for those of us who remain at home will be reduced. How many persons really understand this tonnage business? There are only so many ships—and the U-boat does its best to reduce even the "so many." If they are being used to bring "Sammy" over or to bring over Sammy's meat, they can't be used for us. That is plain, isn't it? And that is why we shall be forced to rely much more upon the cattle bred or fed in this country. So that we shall need as steady and adequate a supply as possible during the coming winter and spring from our own farmers. And to ensure that supply the farmer is to get another ½d. a pound.

To put it in a sane and patriotic way, you can't get Metz without meat for Tommy and Sammy, and when we have got Metz we are fairly going to put the "wind up" the Germans. It is therefore meat or Metz, and we know what the answer of every true Briton will be!

TEMPTERS AND TEMPTED.

SAVAGE PUNISHMENT OF SWEATED EX-SOLDIER.

Who was the worse offender, the prisoner or the prosecutor—or Sheriff Armour-Hannay, who tried the case? Robert Brown is a young discharged soldier, he has a wife and child, and he has been keeping them on the miserable sum of 30s. a week, paid him for his services as vanman and collector to the Kirkcaldy Steam Laundry Company. And he had the handling of cash! Well, his wife and child were hungry, and he took sundry small sums of money between 1st February and 18th August, amounting in all to £15. We do not defend him; but what must we say of the mean employers who subjected him to this cruel temptation? He confessed, and an arrangement was made by which he was to repay the money 10s. a week. Ten shillings off thirty leaves £1—for self, wife and child! You will guess what was the firm's mean calculation. With a written confession in our pocket, here we shall have a cheap vanman who is our slave, body and soul, and dare not run away. He did not run. But when he found what a millstone was round his neck he wrote to the Company stating he was going to find work in Rosyth. As a matter of fact, he would have started, at much higher wages, the day when the case was tried at Cupar. Naturally the repayment would continue. But that didn't suit the Steam Laundry. They came down on Brown like a steam-hammer. He was arrested, charged, and sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment with hard labour. And this was a man who had served 7½ years with the Territorials, and three years as a Volunteer soldier from the outbreak of war! We trust the Home Secretary will have the unconscionable sentence reduced.

GRIEFS AND GRIEVANCES OF GRETNA.

MEAN TREATMENT OF A POOR BEREAVED MOTHER.

"A Sorrowing Mother," of Morpeth, tells us that her daughter went in February of last year to Gretna. In June she was home for a holiday, and then appeared to be "in the best of health." In September she had bronchitis, and was given a week's sick leave. In October she returned to Gretna, "but did very little work." She asked for her discharge, but "could not get away." In January the mother received an official letter stating that as her daughter "showed early signs of consumption," she was being sent to a sanatorium at Grange-over-Sands." Ten days afterwards she had a wire suggesting a visit to her child, but giving her no hope. A few weeks afterwards she was "wired for again." "There was no chance" to get the girl home, and she died there in April. The mother then applied for a railway warrant to go to Gretna, and "had a reply to say they could not grant one." The kindness of some ladies, however, enabled her to pay her fare there. "I naturally wanted," says the poor sorrow-stricken mother, "to bring the body home, but they would do nothing for me. There was a lady 'phoned from Newcastle to Gretna, also to London, but to no purpose. Because my daughter had not died at Gretna, they could or would not do anything. She was simply lost by keeping her at Gretna. I may say I got her body home, which cost me £6 for railway fare. I have been a widow for eleven years, and have brought up a family of five, the eldest son now serving in France, and this is the way the Government treats them that give their lives." Surely it was not much to ask that all that was left of the poor girl should have been allowed its journey home again, free of toll?

AN ARSENAL CRISIS.

HOW LABOUR UNREST IS FOMENTED.

The way in which labour unrest is so frequently fostered by stupid officialism is graphically illustrated by the summary dismissal from his employment at Woolwich Arsenal of Mr. G. O. J. Stubbs, an Examiner in the Gun Inspection Department, and President of the Woolwich Workers' Society. Our attention was recently called to the matter by the receipt of the following special telegram: "This meeting of over 2,000 Woolwich workers and citizens of Woolwich calls your immediate and earnest attention to the grave public scandal attending the dismissal of Mr. G. O. J. Stubbs, a trade unionist of 22 years' standing, and a patriot, from Woolwich Arsenal. He has been our leader in fighting pacifism and inefficiency in Woolwich Arsenal; now pacifism and inefficiency have joined hands to remove him." A few weeks ago Mr. Stubbs presided at a Mass Meeting of Arsenal workers called to protest against the dismissal of Mr. Rossiter, a skilled mechanic employed in the Gun Inspection Department, who, as the result of certain outspoken criticisms, had had the misfortune to incur official disfavour. Following the workers' protest Mr. Rossiter was promptly reinstated, but it was now Mr. Stubbs' turn for dismissal. The grounds for this high-handed official action have not, we believe, been publicly stated, but it is quite likely that in championing the cause of his fellow-workman, Stubbs may have earned the hostility of his superiors, while he certainly has given solid ground of offence to the pacifist element, who will not readily forget the leading part taken by him in the recent discomfiture of the Macdonald clique on Plumstead Common. Such a patriot must not be victimised.

THE TOAST OF "THE DAY."

"Since our fortunes have changed we must alter our toast,
As we drain the cup down to the dregs;
Of our glorious 'arms' we no longer can boast,
So we'll drink to our glorious legs!"

THE "BUSY" BRUTE.

TENDER TREATMENT FOR A FEROCIOUS FARMER.

Some farmers are really getting beyond all bounds. Or is it that agricultural labourers were always treated like this, only they grinned and bore it? After a course of nursing and two years' war-work, Mary Griffith Bowen entered the employ of Walter Neville Jones, farmer, Setch, near King's Lynn, as a dairy-maid at 10s. a week with board and lodging. On August 20th he gave her a month's notice. She said she would leave in a week's time. His manner was then so offensive that, the girl states, she said she would go then.

She naturally went to the house for her luggage, but found her bedroom locked. She made inquiries, but could not get the key. So she took a ladder, and got into the room through the window, in unfastening which she broke the pane. She left 1s. 6d. for the breakage. Then she had herself driven to King's Lynn with the luggage. There she met Jones in his car. He was trembling with passion. He had the trap stopped, ordered Miss Bowen out of it, used most objectionable language, and violently assaulted her, "kneeing" her into the car, and driving her with her luggage back to the farm, calling on the way upon the local policeman. There her luggage and her purse—containing £7—which was on top of it, were detained. When she asked for her money, she was given 1s. 6d. She was told to return at 7 o'clock, when Mrs. Jones would be there to see if the girl had stolen anything. After the inquisition was over, the ruffian said he would be satisfied with the 1s. 6d. for the broken window. What he was really entitled to was a sound thrashing, and a term in gaol. What he actually got was a fine of £4 10s.—Col. Everard and Mr. F. G. Highe, the Magistrates, giving as a reason for not sending him to prison that he was a farmer and was busy with his work! And the coward was allowed, on a cross-summons, taken out several days after the first, to extract 27s. damages from the poor girl he had so brutally assaulted and insulted. If that is English justice—but then!

SENSELESS SLAUGHTER.

GUILLOTINE FOR FEATHERED ARISTOCRATS.

Not long ago a police-sergeant walked into the shop of a live-stock fancier at Norwood with the extraordinary demand that the tradesman should at once liberate his valuable stock of pigeons, some 1,500 in number. Ultimately the order was narrowed down to birds of the "homer" or carrier type, but as to these the requirement was imperative. No warrant was produced, and inquiry at the police-station failed to elicit any satisfactory explanation. From first to last there was no suggestion of misconduct against the shopkeeper. It was not for a moment hinted that he had made any improper use of the pigeons, or failed to comply with any of the regulations laid down by the military for the handling of these birds. However, desiring to avoid trouble, the unfortunate fancier agreed to sacrifice his valuable stock, and, after a bungling effort by the sergeant, he himself destroyed the birds and offered them for sale for the table.

Next arose the question of compensation. There was an informal undertaking by the police that full recompense should be made, but the fancier's modest claim for £50, the cost of the birds, was referred by the War Office to that most unsatisfactory tribunal, the Defence of the Realm Losses Commission, by whom it was postponed from time to time on one pretext or another, and finally rejected on the wholly untenable ground that there had been "no loss through the interference of the Crown." Possibly the Norwood fancier might have fared better if he had taken direct action against the local police—as was done in a similar case at Bristol, where a pigeon-breeder was lately awarded £123 damages against Superintendent Bruce, of the Bristol City Force, for the arbitrary destruction of valuable birds. On military grounds it is perhaps essential that carrier-pigeons should be subject to public control, but the regulations should be applied with common fairness, and, unless there has been serious misconduct, there can be no excuse for the ruthless slaughter of these costly birds.

SLANDERING THE SAILOR MAN.

A BLUEJACKET FLARES UP AT NAVAL AUTHORS.

It will probably surprise most British landlubbers to hear that there is an awful row in the Navy. On watch and ward, night and day, Jack of the Blue is staunch and true. But when the novelists—who ought to know better, but apparently don't—start putting wisps up his wind-swept slacks, he is stung to the quick. "The character and speech of the lower-deck man of the Navy, as depicted by most Naval authors," writes an indignant son of H.M.S. *Marlboro*, "is provoking a lot of criticism in the Fleet." On the evidence, we can believe it. For, as our distinguished friend expresses it, "to an outsider the ordinary bluejacket is a species of a particular class who cannot argue without bringing in pugnacious methods to clinch his argument, and who also pronounces his aspirates where he should not; that is, providing people judge the *mal-dit* as authors would have him.

The picture is all wrong, it seems; out-of-focus in the drawing, messed up in the colouring, and lobsided in the frame. Recently "the savage son of the sea has been read eight books on naval life—we won't advertise them as does he in his wrath—and" in these books the sailor's wife generally pervades gin-shops or else gets drunk on the allowance made to her by her husband." He admits "there are cases of that description knocking around, but is it fair to the sailor's wife to have it put into print that she is a disreputable being?" It is not. It is a gross slander on home industries; it is, in the seathing but noble words of this soulful seaman, "an insult to the British nation as well as the lower deck, for are we not all proud of the Senior Service, which is the vital asset to Britain's strength?" Without a qualm of conscience, without a blush of shame, without a tear of regret, JOHN BULL can spread his hands across his companion hatch and say, for the Empire and the King, "We are, we are, we are—and the Kaiser be damned!"

A CIVIC SNOB.

PLEBEIAN PRANCING OF MAYOR OF DAVENTRY.

Of all certain things this is one. If the author of the "Snob Papers" were alive to add another sketch or two to his pages, T. H. Marriott, Esq., we wouldn't omit the "Esq.," for as much as ninepence—Mayor of Daventry, would have a front seat in them. Judging by the pains he took at a Prisoner of War Fund *fête* held a few days ago at Daventry to posture himself in the light he wished to be seen, T. H. Marriott, Esq., is a snob of the deepest dye.

After congratulating Earl Spencer (who was present) on the recognition of his son's bravery, this sorry sycophant got well astride on his high horse. "We must remember," he said, "that the majority of our men in the rank and file are in the Army by compulsion, and the aristocracy show far greater heroism than the common Tommies," and as if this were not insult and outrage enough, he went on to add that "the young men of the aristocracy, on joining the Army, sacrifice more than the rank and file." Now Earl Spencer is not a snob, nor, to give them their due as gentlemen, are the British aristocracy snobs. When, therefore, this "civic dignitary" sought to bask in the sunshine of the noble Earl's favour by comparing aristocratic soldiers with "common Tommies," his lordship must have had the greatest difficulty in restraining the sensations of nausea. Earl Spencer knows, if his Worship of Daventry does not, that sacrifice on the battlefields of this war is equal; that in death and life, facing the terrors, enduring the hardships, suffering the agonies of British soldiers, the "common Tommy" and the noble Marquis are one in heart and mind and purpose. What more can the "common Tommy" resign for his service than his means of living? What more can he give to his country than his life? And what more, does or can, the aristocrat do?

MORE HUN PRIS

Secret Cables—Uncensored Letters—A Hun

By THE

AS I promised last week, I am now able to make further astounding revelations of the gross laxity in the treatment of Hun prisoners of war. I do not intend to mince matters. The information at my disposal proves beyond any shadow of doubt that there is the Hidden Hand behind it all. In no other way is it possible to account for the manner in which these natives of infamous Germany, including the so-called aristocrats of that degraded nation, have been allowed to leave their camps, to put on civilian clothes, to go to London, and even to prowl about in the vicinity of Windsor Castle when the King has been in residence. Some of the happenings which I propose to detail occurred several months ago. But they suggest not only that these Huns—including certain princes—have been given privileges which our poor fellows in Germany have long been denied, but that someone in official circles is actively helping and shielding the enemies of England. Not long ago, I made deliberate and damaging statements concerning Mrs. Leverton Harris and the Princess Loewenstein. I showed that they had consorted with German prisoners, including the so-called "half-English boy" von Flessen. Was anything done? Was anyone brought to book? The only answer was to re-naturalise the German princess!

The Penalty of Patriotism.

Now let me say this further—that any honest Englishman who, disgusted at the dangerous laxity in the treatment of the Hun, has dared to protest, has been "broken." You remember that Lieut. Canning was tried by court-martial because he made charges concerning the criminal softness displayed towards the German aristocrats at Lofthouse Camp. Well, he was honourably acquitted. But his innocence served him little—he was removed from the Camp and was sent to France. Here is another case. It concerns a British officer who was recently the Adjutant, and on occasion Acting Commandant, of the Holyport (Maidenhead) Prisoners of War Camp. This officer did his work only too well. He served under four Commandants. The first three have given him written testimonials; from time to time they mentioned him by name in their official Reports. He was just the right type of man. He would tolerate no nonsense. His business was to see that these prisoners were given no exceptional privileges; that the fashionable women—a disgrace to their sex—who were always ready to display their amorous interest in the interned Hun, were kept in their places. The time arrived when a new Commandant—Col. J. R. Harvey—came to the camp, and from that moment the Adjutant was a marked man. I am going to make grave charges, and when I have recited my facts I am going to demand a public Inquiry into the conduct of the Holyport Camp during the time Col. Harvey was in control. I am not disposed actually to suggest that he was purposely sent there by "the authorities" to see that the prisoners had a good time—and that there might be deliberate winking at any irregularities. But I am prepared to say this—that from his advent things went from bad to worse. And how bad they became you shall judge for yourselves.

Excursions and Joy-Rides.

What do you think went on at that camp? I am not speaking without full knowledge of the facts when I say that they were infamous. Let me take a few of the irregularities. The prisoners, when out for exercise, have the permission of the German Government to give their *parole* not to attempt to escape. It is, however, an imperative Camp rule that they shall remain in uniform. Well, Col. Harvey allowed these officers to go out in *mufti*, accompanied merely by himself or a certain officer who acted as interpreter—one R. T. Lomax—who, by the way, was in the habit of chatting in German with his charges. Although the prisoners were supposed merely to be taken through the country lanes, they were actually allowed to parade the streets of Maidenhead, and even to cross over the public ferry. What is more, while these small parties of officers, in private clothes, were perambulating in the company of Harvey or Lomax, they met friends in the neighbourhood, and with them were permitted unrestricted conversation. Moreover, several of the prisoners were actually driven to Windsor in a motor-car on the pretext of selecting a piano for the Camp, and were allowed to walk in Windsor Park. Fancy British prisoners in Germany being permitted to parade Potsdam! Let it be remembered that some of these Germans were about to be repatriated, and the insanity of allowing them first to spy out the land cannot be too strongly emphasised. The fact that precious petrol was used for their joy-riding need not be elaborated.

Visits to the Deutsche Bank.

And now let me take another shameful case of laxity. One of the Huns to whom marked official favour was shown was Prince zur Lippe—and he has now been repatriated! He used to be taken for walks by the Commandant—on one visit to Maidenhead he was accompanied by Col. Harvey; whilst upon another occasion, with two other officers—one of them being Capt. von Brassowitch—he was taken to London by Lieut. Gerard Gurney—*on the instructions of Harvey*. Moreover, I know that one of the officials in the Commandant's office was instructed to prepare civilian clothes to be worn by these officers on their journey to town. Where did they go? To the Deutsche Bank—that nest of German spies which, after months of agitation, in which the Harmsworth Press bore such a persistent and honourable part, was finally shut down. I pass over the fact that some of the prisoners were taken out blackberrying until the villagers protested that these beastly Huns were robbing them of their profit from the hedgerows, and I come to the mysterious circumstance of the "disappearance" of a certain Captain von Brandeis from the Holyport Camp. One day a naval officer, Capt. Hall, arrived there, coming by motor-car, and Captain von Brandeis was taken away in *mufti*. Brandeis went straight to a London hotel. The whole of this business is shrowded in mystery—no official documents in connection with the matter ever coming to the notice of the Adjutant. When Capt. Hall arrived and demanded the "corpus vile" of Brandeis, the Adjutant lodged a protest with the Commandant. The answer was that he had received instructions from the Home Office (or the Foreign Office), and that nothing could be done except to obey orders. And Brandeis was shortly afterwards repatriated!

Sending Out German Cables.

But the most serious charge I have to make in connection with the conduct of Holyport Camp while Col. Harvey was in charge refers to the censoring of letters and—will you believe it?—the despatch of cables abroad, written in German! In ordinary circumstances, the duty of censoring fell upon Lieut. Lomax, the interpreter. But for a brief period he was sick, and the work devolved upon another Lieutenant. This officer again and again reported to the Adjutant the laxity in censoring, and that official in proper form reported to the Commandant. Little notice was taken of the matter, although there is good reason to believe that suspicious correspondence was leaving the camp. This was borne out by a letter which Captain Lyons, a German prisoner, wrote to our notorious friend, Baron Schroeder. It appears that Lyons, a comparatively recent prisoner, knew something of the plans of the Germans. In this letter he hinted that everything was going well for the German arms, and that before long they might expect to hear of a determined raid on the Royal Castle of Windsor. There were good reasons for passing the letter through without the *visé* of the interpreter—in that way, it would seem that it was sent without his knowledge. Baron Schroeder, or one of his household, noticed the envelope was uncensored, and quite naturally suspected that something was wrong. The letter was sent back to the Camp, apparently unopened. I need not say that I relate this incident as in no way reflecting upon the Baron, who acted quite correctly in the matter. But reflect upon the state of things which permitted uncensored letters to leave the camp. I wonder how many have got through in this way!

ONER SCANDALS.

ouse of Mystery—Public Inquiry Demanded.

EDITOR.

But—to come to an even more serious allegation in a series of amazing happenings at Holyport—telegrams were frequently sent out on behalf of prisoners, and the Post Office can be challenged to deny the statement that cables were actually transmitted either to Sweden or Switzerland. No doubt the wording was ostensibly harmless, but who shall say that it was not a code? Clearly there was no occasion for such a message, for instance, as this—"Cheque not received," as the prisoner was particularly flush of money. Besides, what earthly use would a German cheque have been to the man? Who authorised that telegram? Was it Harvey or Lomax—and, if either or both, who was it higher up who made the transmission possible? It is useless to try to put me off with mere denials—mild or indignant. I know what I am saying, and I declare solemnly that unless the Government hold a public Inquiry into the conduct of this camp during the time Harvey and Lomax were in control, I will take other means of bringing the matter to an issue. It is significant that that reverend German, Arnold Scholten—about whom I have had something to say in connection with his visits to Lofthouse Camp, where the "half-English boy," von Plessen, is interned—was also a visitor to Holyport. Oh, I know he is supposed to carry spiritual comfort to the interned, but if he wants to preach the Gospel of *Kultur* let him be locked up with them. It is a scandal that he should be allowed to wander all over the country. The Adjutant of whom I write always insisted on seeing Scholten. On one occasion, being confined to his bed by sickness, he had the Hun divine shown up into his room, and as Scholten leaned over to speak to him as he lay in bed, he caught sight of a rather bulky envelope protruding from the clergyman's pocket. It was a letter, as he confessed, which he was going to post outside. On another occasion when Scholten's bag was examined it was found to contain two pairs of wire-cutters. Being pressed, this man of the Gospel gave the name of the German officer for whom they were intended; he declared they were wanted for a little job the prisoner was engaged in. Of course, those nippers were confiscated. Another visitor to the camp was a certain Mr. E. P. Gaston, who came with his wife. Now, this individual was denounced by Mr. Gerard when he was Ambassador to Berlin—but as certain libel actions are in suspension until the end of the war, for the moment I say no more than that there is good ground for regarding this man's visits with the gravest suspicion. Nor will I dwell upon the visit of a certain Royal lady—when all the prisoners put on their "glad rags," in the hope of meeting her. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, as, being refused permission to see the prisoners, Her Royal Highness had to content herself with an inspection of the Register. These are matters which may very well be left until I see what attitude the authorities are prepared to take in view of my disclosures. "Delay is dangerous," however—the adage never had more point than in this instance.

Another Abode of "Love."

Another significant matter to which I desire to refer is that of the existence of a house in Bray where certain well-to-do women and other German sympathisers resided, with the object of getting into close touch with the Camp. I know from the evidence in my possession that this kind of thing has been going on elsewhere—notably in connection with the visits to the "noble" Germans at Lofthouse Park, near Leeds; and unless there is some sinister influence at work to prevent the exposure of these suspicious incidents, I cannot for the life of me understand why at any time those who endeavour to let in the light of day on such proceedings are either removed or dismissed. Let the authorities inquire about some of the tenants of Chantry House, Bray—for that is the place to which I refer. This house is situated next door to the church, not more than three-quarters of a mile from Holyport, and I have reason to believe that it was at times in telephonic communication with the Camp; whilst at night persons were in the habit of leaving it and hanging about the Camp, and the guards reported that they were frequently asked by these people "whether it was possible to get in touch with the prisoners." Eventually an application was addressed from the house to the Commandant asking for facilities to visit the Germans. Upon receipt of this request, the Adjutant made a surprise visit to the house, in company with a detective. The maid who answered the door showed them into a sitting-room, and a woman appeared—with whom the Adjutant got into conversation. He tried to find out what reason the inmates had for wanting to visit the Camp, and the woman said they had been all round the country seeing prisoners, and that her own daughter had been in Donington Hall. The girl, however, later on denied this, and said she had been out-side. Whilst alone in the room the detective noticed some typewriters and discovered a mass of foreign correspondence. The Adjutant reported the matter to Col. Harvey, but no steps were taken. An Austrian, or German, cook registered as being employed at the house—leaving the West End for Bray, the compensation being that she was serving a titled personage there. I will only add that when it was found that the place was being closely watched, thanks to the Adjutant, the little party hastily cleared off. And thus disappeared this strange "Abode of Love"—love of the Germans! Let the authorities dare to deny my allegations. They are of the most serious character, and I accept full responsibility for them. After what I have stated, I am sure you will not be surprised to learn that the Adjutant who brought all these facts to the knowledge of the authorities found his position impossible. Here was a man of irreproachable record, whose only fault was that he dared to be an Englishman. To him it was a burning iniquity that these Huns should be pampered and petted; it was a crimson scandal that they should be allowed to send cablegrams, that they should be permitted to joy-ride and visit London, do their business at the Deutsche Bank, go about in plain clothes, and generally be accorded an amount of liberty that could easily be turned to the disadvantage of this country. I have already said that he possesses the highest credentials, especially for his patience and courage in detecting prisoners in the act of tunnelling their way to liberty. He is not the first patriotic man who has been made to suffer for his zeal. But if I have any influence, he shall be the last. The country is sick and tired of this tender, not to say treacherous, treatment of the Hun. It is a scandal which has deeply moved national sentiment—of this my post-bag brings me abundant testimony—and I beg the Government to realise the extent of that feeling and to put an end to the scandal.

Let the Government Beware!

I may later on draw aside the veil which shields similar scandals at other camps. I think, however, I have said sufficient to satisfy any impartial person that the whole problem of the control of German prisoners-of-war is one which requires radical overhauling. It is simply amazing that in the fifth year of the war we should still have to learn the lesson which from the date of the first internment in Germany of British soldiers the Kaiser has been teaching us. I do not for a moment suggest that we should emulate the barbarities of the German Camps, but I do say that we should realise that these prisoners-of-war in our midst are sworn enemies of our country, and that they are "laughing in their sleeves" at our chicken-hearted methods. The truth is that prior to the war we had become so Germanised that we do not yet realise that we are dealing with a nation of wild beasts, upon whom every act of kindness and consideration is wasted. And we must also deal sternly with those weak-minded, impressionable women who would pamper and flirt with German officers. They are mostly fashionable women of Society; but they must find some other amusement to while away their time. It is infamous that we fine and send to prison silly factory-girls and others who give food and cigarettes and write stupid letters to Hun soldiers, whilst your Princess Loewensteins are allowed to do practically as they like. I warn the Government that the public conscience is being terribly shocked over this matter, and I hope that some of the things I have this week revealed may spur Ministers into action. Otherwise, let them beware!

CAUGHT ON OUR NEW WIRELESS 'PHONE.

WILHELM BEGINS TO WORRY.

Put me through to the Chancellor.

What name?

Never mind that. It is the Imperial Chancellor I want. I've had so many Chancellors the last few years that the name of the present one escapes me for the moment . . . I've got it! Hertling. That's it, Count Hertling. Put me through to him at once. It is the All Highest speaking. . . .

That you, Hertling?

Your most humble and unworthy servant, sire, listens with respect and awe to the words you deign. . . .

Oh, cut that out, Hertling! I'm worried. Hang ceremony for the moment. Did you see last Thursday's English newspapers?

Yes, sire.

Did you read the impudent statement made by F. E. Smith, the English Attorney-General, at Liverpool, in the course of which he said that according to his reading of international law there is abundant warrant for the punishment, both in their persons and in their purses, of proved and identified criminals?

I did, sire.

Well, Hertling, it worries me—especially when reading it in conjunction with a resolution submitted to the Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference the same day by a Mr. Sexton (ominous name!), to the effect that there shall be "no talk of peace until the Kaiser and his associates and all who agree with him are hanged from the lamp-post without judge or jury." Does your reading of international law agree with this F. E. Smith's?

It does, All Highest.

Then there really *is* something behind the horrible threat conveyed in this Sexton's shocking resolution?

Well, there *might* be, All Highest, if we Germans were like other people.

What do you mean?

I mean, sire, that from the first we have shown that international law does not exist for us. Our only law is expediency. So why worry?

That's all very well while we are strong enough to defy international law, but suppose—well, between you and me, Hertling, I haven't *too* much confidence in Hindenburg and his boasted lines. Suppose he was to let us down?

Then I'm afraid, All Highest, that international law *would* begin to exist for us, and infernally unpleasantly for *some* of us, I can tell you. There is a nasty, brutal temper stiffening the Allies. I didn't like the publication of the names of those 150 U-boat commanders. It seemed to show that our enemies are keeping a very close and careful record of all our doings—with an object, you may depend.

Don't speak like that, Hertling. I'm nervous enough these days as it is. What with that infernal American dentist of mine relating how I asked him to kick the King of England's shins for me, and one thing and another, I'm feeling all to pieces. Do you know, I'm half inclined to wish that my woodenheaded people *would* revolt, so long as they didn't go too far and hurt me. It would be a short cut out of these g-e-damned difficulties, which give me no rest by day or night.

Hush, hush! All Highest! In the interest of the Fatherland, I must, at the risk of *lèse Majesté*, ring you off!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—

"Another good example of the crude sort of EYE-WASH that the German soldiers are expected to SWALLOW is an order issued by headquarters."

"UPPER HOLLOWAY CHURCH MAGAZINE":—

"Bro. Legrys . . . filled the gap for the missing soloist with two cornet solos, 'Perfect Day' and 'God send you BACKBONE.'"

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—

"It is not surprising that . . . the soldiers should have succeeded in getting the two chief ADMIRALS out of their SADDLES."

MESSRS. CAVES AND MORRIS, MARSHALL AND POOLE, WELSHPOOL (sale catalogue):—

"Black GELDING . . . IN FOAL."

"BELFAST TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—

"Notice Is Hereby Given that the Registration Officer for the County of Antrim will hold Sittings for the COMPLICATION of the Register of Electors."

"SCOTSMAN":—

"There will be no end to the demands for State aid with borrowed money until the BLINDEST MOUTHS SEE that the margin for future taxation has melted away."

"HORNER'S 3D. LIBRARY":—

"His VOICE TREMBLED a little as he read the Lessons. It shook VISIBLY when he reached his short sermon."

"WOMAN'S LIFE":—

"I heard the BARK of dogs I had cuddled as puppies, of CHILDREN I had nursed as babies."

"WEST CUMBERLAND NEWS":—

"Next week there is an even better bill of fare. NO EFFORT IS BEING MADE to give those who attend good value for their money."

A PLEA FOR THE NON-PELMANIST.

By NIGEL LAURENCE.

There is no reason why we should raise our eyebrows at the non-Pelmanist. We must not be in a hurry. Remember that, although Pelmanism is an "idea" of a quartet of a century's growth, it is only within the past three years that it has become a national movement. Prior to 1915 Pelmanism was known only to the comparatively few.

We must not be unduly hard, therefore, upon the man or woman who has not yet adopted Pelmanism. All great ideas do not win instant recognition. I believe there were many quite intelligent people who refused to "believe in" railways, electric telegraphs, or steamboats for a couple of decades after these notable inventions had successfully passed the experimental stage. Indeed, I am assured that there are some otherwise sane folks who still cling to the flat-earth theory, and who still believe that the sun gyrates around our little earth.

Just put yourself in the shoes of the non-Pelmanist, and try to look at the subject through his eyes. Only that way will you get to realise the reasonableness of his attitude.

Here is a new movement about which he knew nothing and heard nothing until one day he chanced upon an article which—being instinctively averse from reading anything in the nature of an advertisement—he promptly "skipped." All he had gathered was that Pelmanism had something to do with "efficiency"—and "efficiency" is such a dreary word, isn't it?

Besides, supposing he condescended for a moment to consider "efficiency" in relation to himself—was not he fairly efficient? Not a brilliant success, of course, but quite a good, steady, reliable worker? He knew his own qualities, and he recognised his own limitations, and he was wise enough to let well alone.

The next time he heard of Pelmanism it was from the mouth of a business friend who had taken it up and appeared to be rather enthusiastic. But then he, the friend, was such a fellow for "notions"; always going after something new. Oh, yes—his friend would certainly be accounted "go-ahead"; he had risen very rapidly in his business; but that, of course, was largely due to "luck."

The Pelman propaganda became more and more in evidence in his favourite papers, and he even noticed, with mild surprise, that several great editors were devoting their leading articles to the subject. All sorts of famous people, too, were apparently writing articles about Pelmanism. He didn't know "how it was done," but it was certainly very remarkable. However, he did not read the leaders and the articles because—well, he was't really in the least interested. If you asked him, he could not tell you what Pelmanism actually was he only knew it was something which he did not require.

Now it is quite wrong to be surprised that this man is not a Pelmanist. He has no feeling that he wants to be a Pelmanist, and consequently nobody is going to urge him to become one. The Pelman Institute has never yet urged anyone to enrol for the Course. Every single one of the hundreds of thousands who have done so have enrolled of their own free will, convinced that Pelmanism was a thing of practical value to them. The Pelman Institute sends you its literature quite willingly, but it never attempts to argue you into enrolment. It never even sends out a "follow-up letter." If you enrol it is because force of example has convinced you.

The non-Pelmanist will enrol in time. He will wake up one day to the fact that he *did* need Pelmanism, just as much as he needed penmanship and figuring, and the ability to walk, and talk, and think.

For Pelmanism has become one of the indispensables of modern life, and the day is coming when we shall all Pelmanise, and be all the better, the stronger, the wiser, and the happier for it.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the Pelman System, and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL *to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 15 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

* * *

PELMANISMS.

A word is enough to the wise: "Pelmanise."

* * *

Experience is a great teacher. Pelmanism is greater and less expensive.

* * *

Facility of action comes by habit; habit is cultivated by Pelmanism.

* * *

If common-sense is the mother of knowledge, Pelmanism is the father.

* * *

Difficulty to the average man is a stumbling-block: to a Pelmanist it is the stepping-stone to Progress.

* * *

This world of ours is like a raging sea; mankind the ships. Some of us are made to withstand the buffetings, and to triumph above all, but all of us need a reliable compass or guide, something to steer with and by. That something is Pelmanism.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

A Hint to the Sub.:—May we suggest to the subaltern commanding the 345th H. S. Works Company, at Linkhouse Camp, that it is not playing the game to keep men, whose leaves date from reveille, until the afternoon before allowing them to proceed home? In some cases this means the loss of a whole day to the men concerned.

Wanted, a Doctor:—We have received a complaint from a unit at Gorleston-on-Sea, to the effect that when they report sick they can see only a Sergeant, and on Sundays a Lance-Corporal. The health of our men is something to be considered, and we have in mind more than one "regrettable incident" due to this tinkering on the part of N.C.O.s who undertake the functions of medical men.

A Dirty Theft:—Some wounded Tommies rode on a Liverpool tramcar the other day, leaving their full Service kits on the back platform. When one poor fellow descended at the end of his journey, he discovered that someone had made off with his property. If the thief is discovered, we suggest that he should be handed over to the soldiers for summary vengeance.

Stop Them!:—We can understand parcels, sent from overseas for soldiers, going adrift owing to our friend the submarine; but there is no reason why there should be wholesale losses of packets forwarded from various British centres to our camps at home. There would appear to be thieves everywhere in the Service, and, unfortunately, when one is laid by the heels, his sentence is usually ridiculously small. It is time that an example were made of some of these ghouls.

The German Band:—A Whist Drive and Concert for officers and sergeants was recently held in a Y.M.C.A. hut in Marseilles, the unit being a Garrison Guard Company. Among the pleasures of the evening was a full German band chosen from the prisoners of war, who were liberally supplied with cigars, cigarettes, beer, and sandwiches at the expense, Tommy believes, of his funds. We hope this paragraph will reach the Commandant of the Ruhleben Prisoners of War Camp in Germany, where our own fellows are being so maltreated and starved

At Mill Hill:—The men at Mill Hill Depot appear to be very unhappy, owing to the penalties dealt out for slight offences. They tell us that they are "fed up," that nothing is done to give them the heart to soldier, and that the treatment is likely to make some good men go wrong.

The Captain's Blackberries:—At Parkhurst an Order has been issued on parade, to the effect that any man caught picking blackberries in the vicinity of the camp will be severely dealt with. The other day a party of men bulged their eyes when they were ordered to go out and pick the berries for the Captain. We wonder how many they ate themselves, and, in the event of their detection, what punishment they were awarded in the Orderly Room.

"JACK."

Danger Money:—The men of the fleet of minesweepers off Cornwall are asking when they will get the shilling a day danger money. This is one more instance showing the need for overhauling the financial relations between Whitehall and the Navy.

Give Us Some More:—Last week we were glad to announce that a first instalment of concessions had been granted by the Admiralty. We want some more. There must be no bogey about redressing the grievances of the writer class, and we would urge upon Sir Eric Geddes that he should carefully study the pamphlet issued by the Artizans of the Fleet, setting out in moderate language the drawbacks from which they suffer. We should like to see every man in the Fleet happy and contented; but this cannot be so long as the numerous large and small grievances are left unredressed. There is heart burning not only in the Grand Fleet, but among the humbler auxiliaries, who feel that they are nobody's children.

Hungry Jacks:—At Portsmouth the other day was a minesweeper in from Portland for repairs. The hands tried to get their foodstuffs on "tick," but were refused. They sent to Portland for their pay, to keep body and soul together, but could not obtain it, and assure us that in consequence they had not had a proper breakfast or dinner for four days. How are these brave hard-worked fellows to live?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Women and Children First:—A complaint from the Abbey Wood filling factory is to the effect that twenty women have been taken on within the last six weeks, and only three discharged soldiers, though many applied. Why?

Overtime?:—A man, classified C 3, went through his day's work at certain Rolling Mills at St. Helens with much difficulty. He was ordered to work during Wednesday night and Thursday—and, being a low category man and rather frail, he could not do it. He was consequently sacked, as his foreman told him that he refused to do "reasonable" overtime—which meant thirty-six hours. We think that some of those foremen should be sent out to fight for their country.

A Good Chance:—The Army Pay Corps is in want of clerks. Anybody who can write decently, and has a working knowledge of figures, may thus obtain employment. Those who are wanted are men in Grade 3 who were born in or before 1895, and discharged and disabled soldiers and sailors of any age and grade. We ask the boys in question to roll up, as their services will be of the utmost advantage to the serving men.

Kept in the Family:—The Crediton War Agricultural Committee recently appointed a District Executive Officer. A prosperous farmer was selected, and among the turned down applicants was a retired Royal Engineer officer who did fine work in the war, in addition to having raised and trained a strong company of Yeomanry in the district. His qualifications were all right, as he had had vast experience as an agricultural surveyor in the United States and England. This is the way in which patriotism is rewarded—but then the Board of Selection are farmers!

In Glasgie's Town:—The War Pensions Committee in Glasgow appears to be run by the Corporation Tramways people. We have received a long story concerning the unpatriotic partiality of this particular Committee, who appear to view with a disapproving eye those who have fought and suffered. Silver Badgers are turned down, while drapers and others who have failed in business are given jobs. Of course, Scotsmen are very clannish, but if this sort of thing continues there will be heaps of trouble when the Army is demobilised.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Help Urgently Needed:—The wife of an old soldier has been working on munitions until she strained herself, and is now under the doctor's care. Her husband is an invalid, and the pension he is receiving will not meet the expense of doctor's fees, etc. There is also a young child to maintain.

Poor Fellow:—A corporal, home on sick leave, found his wife had been taken away to an asylum following fright from air raids. She leaves four young children to be cared for. The rent was in arrears and had to be paid up before the soldier returned to the Front.

To Span the Distance:—Finding it impossible to keep her little home together unaided, a soldier's wife found better prospects with friends who live many miles away. She asked our help to pay her fare.

Thanks!:—In response to our appeal for baby-clothing, we continue to receive parcels, which are despatched as promptly. We heartily thank the kind donors.

His Welcome:—Lying in hospital is a poor fellow who has been invalided from France. He has learned that his wife has eloped, taking the home with her, and left their only child to be attended to by a stranger, who has not yet received any payment for its keep. We accommodated him while he is awaiting a remittance from his Paymaster.

"Her Only Hope":—A soldier's wife has five young children, and the youngest, five years old, has been ailing for a year. Naturally, the mother cannot leave the child to go to work, and after selling and pledging to keep the little one supplied with nourishment, she appealed to the War Pensions Committee, but met with no response. She appealed to our Fund as "her only hope," and we set her on her feet again.

Further Cases:—

Old soldier borrowed money during his wife's illness; now being pressed for payment.

Nourishment ordered for delicate baby; the mother, a soldier's wife, cannot leave it to go to work.

Sick soldier, while in hospital, received summons for rates.

Lost husband and one of her children. Expenses attached to illness and funeral.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

F. V. (Stoke Newington), 12s. 6d.; V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 11s. 6d.; B. E. R., 4s. 6d.; C. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; "One Too Old For Military Service," £1; S. O. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Mother," 2s.; W. C. (Halifax), 11d.; "In Memory of G. M." (Mountain Ash), 2s.; Mrs. J. S., 8s. 9d.; W. P. (Frome), 5s 4d.; L. A. (Brighton), 5s.; E. S. (Lydd), 2s 6d.; W. H. S., 10d.; F. C. B. (Walthamstow), 3s.; A. K. (Manchester), £3; H. H., 10s.; "Sanuki Maru," 10s.; A. G. W. (Texas), 4s 2d.; A. J. M. H. (Battle), 1s.; Mrs. H. (Uxbridge), 2s. 6d.; "A Minesweeper," £2; Mrs. M. (Walsall), 6s.; "Private" (Bow), 2s. 6d.; E. B. (Takely), 2s.; B. E. P., 2s.; Mrs. W. (S. Africa), 2s.; "A Soldier's Daughter," 2s.; "Charles" (Hartlepool), 5s.; A. F. E. (Durban), £1 1s.; A. J. S. (Nyasaland), £25; S. H. C. (Harlesden), 1s.; Cpl. L. (Uxbridge), 2s. 6d.; Cap. W. McR., £1 1s.; "An Admirer of John Bull," 1s.; L. W. (Brixton Hill), 5s.; Captain's Office, H.M.S. *Wallington* (per C. P.), 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5273," 2s.; C. Y. (York), 1s.; "Clifford," 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky Patrie," 1s.; E. H. W. (Charlton), 2s. 6d.; "Traveller," 5s.; E. O. (Gillingham), 1s.; A. L., 1s.; M. L. P. R. (Surrey), £1; "Late Boulderer's Wife," 1s.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," £1 8s. 8d.; "A Scot," 14s.; F. D., 1s.; Mrs. S., 6d.; A. H. (Preston), 2s.; "War Worker," 5s.; Cork-Throwing Competition (B.E.F.), 16s. 10d.; Sgt. R. G. G. (B.E.F.), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; Lt., R.E., £1; M.P.W.P., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Staff and Patients of Maltings Farm Sanatorium, Nayland (per M. S.), 16s.; "The Stoker Petty Officers and Stokers of H.M.S. *Ambuscade*" (per G. W. A.), £1 2s.; V. E. C. (Croydon), 11s. 6d.; W. E. H. (Caithness), 3s.; E. F. W., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. A. W. (Bolton), 1s.; A. B. C., 5s.; R. McR., 8d.; J. L. H., 1s.; I. G. A. F. (Wimborne), 5s.; "Thanksoffering for Dick and Jim," 2s. 6d.; T. H., 5s.; S. A. B., 8d.; F. E. T., 2s. 6d.; "Contrition Money from Three Apple Stealers," 3s.; H. C. (Broughton), 2s.; Gunner F. A., £2; M. E., 5s.; "In Mem. S. M. S." 2s.; A. R., 2s. 3d.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s; Cpl. W. D., 5s.; Mrs. M. H. S., 2s. 6d.; "Today," 5s.; "A Broken-down Tommy in Highest Spirits," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. W. (Leytonstone), 5s.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.;

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

C. T. (Hove).—"Is the British National Anthem the same tune as the German one?" Yes; but we are going to alter the German one to the "Dead March" in "Saul."

H. E. (Heullan, Wales).—"I thank God for JOHN BULL. There is always something in it that raises one's heart and gives hope and comfort." It is good to know we have not lived in vain.

G. L. (Long Eaton).—"We will put the Kaiser in a Zoo." Never. One of our principles is kindness to animals.

F. C. G. (Dublin).—"I've great and reasonable fear of our own 'softies' our Haldanes, Beauchamps, Buckmasters, Lansdownes, Snowdens, Hendersons, Ramsay Macdonalds, etc., etc., and we look to you to help to save us from their misguided (if not also malevolent) influences." We are watching every wriggle of the worms mentioned.

"GROTESQUE" (Beeston).—You'll strain yourself one of these days, trying to be so hypercritical. If, as you maintain, our sub-heading, "The World, the Flesh, and the Kaiser," is a compliment to the Berlin Butcher, he is welcome.

H. T. E. (Perth, Australia).—Fie on the Hon. John Fihelly, late Minister of Justice, who referred to England as the "Home of cant, humbug, and hypocrisy." We are content to leave him to the tender mercies of some of the brave returned Australian soldiers.

A. S. (North Finchley).—It would not disturb us in the least if the female vote *did* outnumber the male vote at the next General Election. Thank God, the women are all right.

MRS. E. W. (Victoria Park).—"Your 'Soldier's Friend' has been the means of saving my husband's life. He has sent 'J. B.' home, showing where the bullet penetrated, and saying what a great shield it proved." Shows we do our best for the boys, doesn't it?

"BULLDOGESS" (London).—"Our forefathers did not die to give free speech to traitors." Nor to Von Macdonaldbacher, M.P., either.

J. B. (London).—No voter should vote for any candidate who will not pledge himself against peace till German military despotism is defeated.

"DENIS" (Kentish Town).—We have no bitter (or mild, either) feeling against teetotalers who abstain on principle, or on account of a weak head or slack stomach, but we object to their impertinent attempts to force "soft" drinks down the throats of the robust.

"A TOMMY'S MOTHER."—"Have the pacifists no brains?" Oh, yes, they've got brains right enough, but in the wrong place. They are constantly sitting on them, so they get addled.

MRS. M. K. (Warrington).—The only savage people on earth who appear badly in need of missionary attention are the Germans—and their country, strange to say, was the home of the Protestant Reformation.

C. A. C. (Tooting).—We do not need the pressure of registered letters to persuade us of the paramount importance of interning and deporting all enemy aliens in this country.

SERGT. F. H. (France).—Glad to see from the *Anzac Bulletin* that at an assembly of the Congregational Union in Melbourne, the chairman (the Rev. A. R. Stephenson) and Chaplain-Colonel Davies "put it across" the fanatical pumpuritans who would deprive the fighting Tommy of his tot of rum.

"FIVE YEARS' SOLDIER" (Stroud).—"A girl on the Cheltenham tram charged a wounded soldier 1d. instead of 2d., and got the sack for it. If the Company is hard up for a few pennies, the Cheltenham soldiers will oblige." We will give the Company your tip.

"A LOYAL BRITISHER" (Vancouver).—"Are British Consuls asleep at the switch? I spent six months at Honolulu, and the Union Jack was only flown 5 or 6 times during my stay." The Consul could not have been aware of your sojourn at that port.

T. G. H. (France).—"Which finger should the ring denoting that a man is married be worn on?" Some wives make hubby wear it through his nose. But the thumb is usual, the ring being removable to the big toe when away from home.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE."—(Newcastle).—Eightpence for a Gillette blade is profiteering of the deepest dye.

"OFFICER" (St. Albans).—Can't understand why officers should not be allowed to smoke pipes.

W. D. (Plumstead).—That "naturalised alien of 30 years' standing," with three sons in the British Army—one killed in France, one wounded twice, and one a D.C.M. in Palestine—may be regarded as an Ally!

T. E. E. (S.W.).—Firms that have employees in the Non-Combatant Corps (N.C.C.) should not include those lily-livered louts in their Roll of Honour, but should give them a Roll of Dishonour all to themselves.

L.-SERGT. H. F. (Pontypridd).—"We shall soon have them beat to a cinder." Good. Then we will sift the cost of the war out of them.

"HAD SOME."—A Food Control Committee that pays its young women clerks the microscopic wage of 15s. weekly, and includes a psalm-smiting humbug who preaches morality on Sundays and countenances such starvation pay during the rest of the week, deserves all praise—in Hell.

MRS. J. R. (Bow, E.).—Your printed copies of verses would do very well indeed to wrap up bloaters. Though we cannot praise your poetry, we can admire your modesty.

"STARVING POLICE PENSIONER" (Liverpool).—"No bonus, no nothing, except 20s. a week, now equal to about 9s." Try to get your fellow starvees together and then petition the City Council.

G. P. (Exeter).—The average British farmer—which means, of course, that there are exceptions—has been throughout an unconscionable profiteer.

W. G. B. (Streatham Hill).—You have an "Ode on the Fate of Tyranny," published in 1756, and propose to republish it. All right; but it would be only courteous to ask the author's permission first.

G. DE L. (Malmesbury).—Wish our stick-in-the-mud Government *would* grasp the urgent importance of anti-Boche trade propaganda in Central and South America, and "do it now."

E. G. A. (Boscombe).—Menservants are taxed as a luxury. A tax on all domestic servants above one is plausible, but cuts many ways.

J. B. (T. Ditton).—The author of Solomon said a hoary head is a crown of glory. Yours is undoubtedly a qualification for the 51st Methusaliers.

"TRUTH" (Tavistock Square).—When in Central America you had JOHN BULL sent to you. And now in Bloomsbury you are still able to obtain it. Wonderful!

E. W. C. L. (Hanwell).—We have several times explained recently that the "minimum charge" now made by gas and electric light companies is a legalised imposition.

"WOUNDED" (Nottingham).—"... and the grocer told the mother of the poor gassed soldier, who wanted butter, that margarine would do for *him*." Let that grocer consider himself kicked.

A. F. (H.M.S. *Hercules*).—The Premium Watch Co., Ltd., 32a, South Lambeth Road, S.W., are tricksters who, if the law were not "a ass," would be locked up.

H. E. G. (Atherstone).—The Army authorities don't care a bawbee for the size of anybody's family.

I. W. (Peterborough).—So you think an eminent Victorian statesman was "not worthy to black our boots." Justice compels us to say that he never offered to.

"FAIR CITY" (Perth).—If the clerk "pushed into a Labour Exchange" was himself a discharged soldier, we have no more to say. Rude habit pushing, all the same.

A. W. (Limehouse).—"The way to the doctor's heart is through his belly." Awkward devil to snipe.

T. J. M. (Liverpool).—You tell us Liverpool is not a village, because we used the word "villagers" in replying to a Liverpool reader. If we used the word "fathead" it would not mean that you were barmy, would it?

"PUZZLED" (Kirkdale).—"Is it a fact the Winter Gardens at Blackpool are open during the summer months?" Terminologically speaking, they oughtn't to be, *ought 'em?*

W. G. (Dulwich).—No doubt the National Insurance Act has gone very much awry. It will have to be soled and heeled in the "Reconstruction."

PTE. A. G. (Calne).—Your verses, written to interest yourself and friends, are quite good of their kind. But don't waste money in having them set to music. You would certainly be disappointed, and, perhaps, fleeced.

D. R. (H.M.S. *Punjaub*).—"Supposing us soldiers were to go on strike—why, our Empire would be no more." It would be a lot less.

C. W. H. (Salisbury).—Glad to hear that for over six years you and your chums have used a JOHN BULL Pen, and that it is, like Charley's Aunt, "Still running"—as Pen-ley would have said.

MRS. F. A. (Balham).—Filching a purse from a pram containing a baby whose mother was inside a shop buying her meagre ration of margarine is a mean and despicable theft, but nothing to what some people are capable of doing. The tradesman who waters the baby's milk is a meaner skunk.

R. R. (Perth).—In our opinion the spiritualistic book "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge, is merely evidence that there is always a kink in the greatest minds.

L. A. (Walworth).—We will take Mr. Whitaker's word for it, that the population of London (Greater) in 1914 was 7,419,704—119,704 more than New York (Greater) the same year. But we should like to know who were the odd four.

N. E. W. (Eastbourne).—You have been misinformed. We do not profess to read character from the handwriting. But we can judge the quality of ink, and that you use is shocking.

C. R. P. (Kensington).—"... the scandalous foraging of horses, which are doing more to win the war than a lot of men." We agree with you.

"WORKER" (Fargo Mil. Hosp., Salisbury).—"It would be a great treat if you gave a little thought to the way the nursing staff are treated." No treat; you don't disclose your name.

"ONE OF THE FIRST 100,000" (Shortlands Hosp.).—"A Stationmaster charged us 6 wounded Tommies, 5 on crutches, 1d. each for leaving our coats a couple of hours in his office." Ill-gotten gains.

C. S. (Aberdeen).—"Can you explain the difference between a half-sister and a step-sister?" One may be related by half-parentage, while the other may go a step farther.

"JUST A WOMAN" (Woolwich).—We have a very vivid recollection of Herr Ramsay von Macdonaldstein making public reference to his "German friends." He may deny it now, when things begin to look a trifle unhealthy for his Boche Brethren. But we've got it all down on his dossier.

H. J. P. (Ilford).—For our part, we consider that, all things reckoned, the Surrey Trust pubs do one remarkably well, in these hard times.

A. W. M. (Hull).—Having a witness, you should at once issue a summons against the cowardly "clerical" cad who assaulted you, a one-armed ex-soldier, without provocation.

M. E. R. (G.P.O., London).—"Shall I expect you to put this in print." Sorry to disappoint you, but it looks nicer as you wrote it.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" PEN ACCESSORIES.

INK PELLETS.

A good writing ink can be obtained by filling pen with water and dropping in one pellet. Per tube, 6d. post free.

POCKET CLIP.

Nickel plated ball end, easy to fasten.

Price 4d. Postage 1d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 5 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Sept. 28th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

LONDON PROVINCIAL AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK.

An extraordinary general meeting of the London Provincial and South Western Bank, Ltd., was held at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on the 16th inst., to consider resolutions for amalgamation with Barclay's Bank, Ltd. Sir Herbert Hambling presided.

The Chairman, in proposing the resolutions, said that, turning to the criticisms to which banks had recently been subjected, it was untrue to say that the big banks were turning their attention too much to foreign business and too little to home trade. It was also stated that bankers were taking a course which would lead to Government control. If this should prove true it would be indeed serious, but personally he did not think it would. That other bugbear, the question of a Money Trust, also appeared to him to be remote. In his opinion the question of a Money Trust could not possibly arise. The agricultural and smaller customers of the English banks need not apprehend that any of their existing facilities would be curtailed or disturbed; in fact, further facilities would be afforded.

Turning to the specific proposal for the amalgamation with Barclay's Bank, the chairman said that for nearly 60 years both the London and Provincial and London and South-Western Banks as separate entities were steadily progressing. He would not give again the reasons for the fusion of these institutions, but it was a wise and excellent arrangement, and the results so far had quite reached their expectations. More than six months ago Barclay's made overtures which they were at that time reluctant to entertain, but after discussion of all the pros and cons from the point of view of general policy, a definite offer was received, the terms of which were such that in the opinion of the directors they had no option but to submit it to the shareholders. It was only from a deep sense of duty that the directors were recommending the acceptance of these proposals. The dividend they would receive would be substantially increased, as Barclay's Bank paid 20 per cent., which was equivalent to 24⅔ per cent. on their old capital. They were becoming part proprietors of a bank with a paid-up capital of £7,289,444 and a reserve fund of £6,000,000. The net profit of the three institutions was £1,797,000 for the year 1917, of which the dividend he had indicated would absorb £887,000 only. He thought he had said enough to show the strength and position of the bank in which they were asked to become shareholders and also the benefits which would accrue to them as shareholders of that bank.

The resolutions were duly carried.

COAL SHORTAGE

Unless you are careful with Coal, Gas and Electric Light *now*, you will have to face serious hardships before the cold weather is over. Production at home is falling—this year the amount mined is over 13 million tons below last year. The total shortage is 36 million tons. Now is the time for you to prepare.

Have you put in firebricks?
Have you shut up unnecessary rooms?
Have you taken out every unnecessary light?
Have you reduced the number of hot baths—and hot meals?
Are you mixing coke with your coal?
Are you keeping a reserve of coal for illness?

Millions of tons of British Coal are wanted by the American Army—America's Coal is too far away.
Millions of tons are wanted by the Allied Armies in France and Flanders—French Coalfields are in enemy hands.
Millions of tons are wanted by the Allied Armies in Italy—Italy has none.
Millions of tons are wanted for Munitions, for Transport, for the Fleet and for the Merchant Ships.

British Coal is the key to VICTORY

Issued by the Mines Dept., Board of Trade, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

B.T.7.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This article is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, and is published under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Special Hospitals Scheme. Offices: 40, Strand, London, W.C.2. Secretary, Major [illegible], C.B.E., R.A.M.C. (Retired).

HOW INNOCENT CHILDREN ARE INFECTED.

(a) *With Gonorrhœa.*

A man has had [illegible] he has been cured [illegible] has stopped. [illegible] there may be [illegible] disease which [illegible] so the man may [illegible]

She may then infect her baby when it comes into the world. The part affected are the baby's eyes. The inflammation set up is very violent, and unless it is thoroughly and effectively treated the sight may be completely lost. In times past one-third of the cases said to be born blind suffered from this form of eye trouble.

(b) *With Syphilis.*

The most striking result of infection with Syphilis of a wife by her husband is that she gets a premature dead baby. She may get several premature dead babies one after the other. Then she may get a living child which may be very feeble and soon die, and after this she may have a child apparently healthy at first. After six weeks it shows well-marked signs of disease. This baby, under proper treatment, recovers from the early symptoms, but after it is five years old is apt to get chronic trouble of the eyes, then obstinate deafness, and then imbecility from disease of the brain.

In face of these grave facts all sufferers from Venereal Disease (even those apparently cured, unless already discharged by the doctor) should immediately seek medical advice.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., St. Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature and information.

"GRASSHOPPER" DRAWS OUT THE POISONS

Why Grasshopper Cures Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Bunions, Piles, Sore Feet, Poisoned Wounds, Chilblains, Insect Bites and all Skin troubles.

For 30 years **GRASSHOPPER** OINTMENT has been absolutely unexcelled as a safe and certain cure for ECZEMA, ULCERS, BOILS, CHILBLAINS, BAD LEGS, PILES and POISONED WOUNDS. It cures by removing the cause, which is to be found in poisoned and diseased blood. The Ointment draws out the virus from the blood and tissues, and assures an early and complete recovery. **GRASSHOPPER** OINTMENT may also be used for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SCRATCHES, STINGS, and BRUISES, as its healing antiseptic properties have been found to be unsurpassed by those of any other preparation. **GRASSHOPPER** is absolutely harmless. Please do not be persuaded to purchase any imitation and substitute preparations. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 and 3/ a box, or post free from

ALBERT & CO., 73, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

Foster Clark's

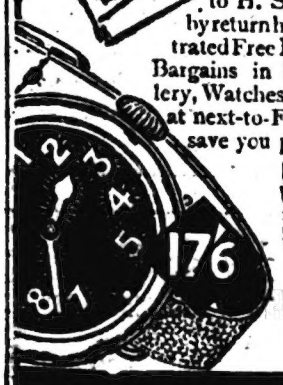
FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.
You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

A postcard addressed to H. Samuel brings you by return his beautifully illustrated Free Book of wonderful Bargains in high-class Jewellery, Watches and Plate offered at next-to-Factory Prices that save you pounds. **Write now.**



LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Reliable movement. Handsome Nickel case, **17/6**

Branches in all Principal Towns.

H. SAMUEL
188, MARKET ST, Manchester.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4.
INVESTED FUNDS £7,200,000
ANNUAL INCOME £2,250,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS NEARLY £600,000

Life and Endowment Assurance at Popular Rates
Our numerous Branch Offices and Agencies throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN
LEARNED IN 12 LESSONS.

Highest speed. Legible notes. Mastered in 4 weeks. Reduced fees.

Shorthand Association, Ltd., 345, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

Telephone [illegible]

SHORTHAND

INDISPENSABLE TO CLEANLY PEOPLE.

The Throat and Mouth should be [illegible] and cleansed night and morning (and after meals if possible) with

SOTOL ANTISEPTIC

From chemists and stores, [illegible]
WESTERN DENTAL MFG. CO., Ltd.,
71, Wigmore Street, London W.1.
Samples [illegible]

"BULLETS"

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £20

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £2-10	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example :—UNBLUSHING GERMANS. Bullet :—GERMANS PRISONERS ON STRIKE. Example :—HAPPY FAMILY. Bullet :—AFTER TOMMY'S RETURN. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 19th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 303.

THE LATEST PUSH
WHAT HAIG HAS DONE
BEGINNING TO TELL
GERMAN LIES
ASKING FOR PEACE
MOST UNWISE TO
BABY LIKES
A RARE TREAT
PUTTING CLOCK BACK
AFTER A BIT
HOW TO TREAT PACIFISTS
STOUT AND BITTER
ONE OF THE BOYS
WHAT TOMMY HOPES
KEEPING MUM
IN THE SOUP
BACK TO THE RHINE
RUDE AWAKENING
MOST ASTONISHING WHEN
LOSING SIDE
A BAD LAD
UNBLUSHING CHEEK
A RESTLESS NIGHT
FINDING EXCUSES
WHAT BOTTOMLEY EXPECTS
HAPPY FAMILY
A BIG MAN
DIFFERENT GIRL
A FALLEN IDOL
COOKING HIS GOOSE
A LUCKY MISS
THE KAISER'S FAILING

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 3rd

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(303) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 3rd

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(303) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 303, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 304.

GENERAL PERSHING
DIRT CHEAP
WHAT GERMANS BELIEVE
FATHER THINKS THAT
AFTER A MEAL
MAN OF PUSH
WAIT AND SEE
BITTER
FEELING TIRED
OUR KING
THE GERMAN NAVY
WHEN BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
HOT AND STRONG
MOST UNLUCKY TO
WON'T COME OUT
TOMMY'S HOME
TALKING THROUGH HAT
HIGH FLYERS
MAKES KAISER SICK

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **304** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 304,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition **303.**

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 300 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ And Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 300th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:
Mrs. C. SIMPSON,
c.o. Mrs. Hopkinson,
Bank House, Frizinghall, Bradford.
Example :—WHAT PACIFISTS WANT.
Bullet :—INDEMNITIES SET AT "NOUGHT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Gnr. W. D. BEASANT, No. 93575,
67th Brigade, R.G.A., B.E.F. France.
Example :—PLAIN SPEAKING.
Bullet :—"LABOUR" TO THE GOVERNMENT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. G. LANE, Gore End, Wootton Hill, Newbury.
Example :—MR. LEVERTON HARRIS.
Bullet :—WHITEWASHED NOW, DECORATED LATER.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. HUMPHREY, Steeple Bumpstead, Haverhill: THE STRIKERS—"WENT BACK" ON "SETTLEMENT."
Mrs. M. MCLEOD, 8, White Ladies Rd., Clifton, Bristol: WHEN FOCH COMMANDS—HUNS MUST PAY "TRIBUTE."
L.-Cpl. J. ROSS, A.S.C. (M.T.), R.G.A., B.E.F., France: AWKWARD SQUAD—BRITISH PRISONERS DURING INTERROGATION.
Mr. A. DODD, 5, Greencroft Road, Seacombe, Ches.: MR. LEVERTON HARRIS—LATEST CABLE "POSITION UNCHANGED."
Mr. A. MCAINSH, 7, Tankerville Road, Streatham Com.: THE STRIKERS—SUFFERERS USING WRONG REMEDIES. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Miss S. STUBBS, Cartside House, Busby, Glasgow: THE STRIKERS—AUSTRIANS "WANTED TO BE."
Mr. W. E. JONES, 40, Shakespeare Av., Rock Ferry, Ches.: WHAT PACIFISTS WANT-FOLLOWERS AND GET PURSUERS.
3/A.M. E. V. JONES, 165897, Headquarters, R.A.F., Adelphi Hotel, Glasgow: BOTTOMLEY'S FUTURE-WINNING, NOT SEEKING FAVOUR.
Mr. J. PONDER, 8, Travers Road, Russell Road, London: A GOOD HARVEST—FOR MONEYLENDER—WILD OATS.
Mrs. J. BURKE, Newsagent, Kilkenny, Ireland: BOTTOMLEY'S FUTURE—SEEING GERMANY HASN'T ONE.
Mr. H. WILLIAMS, 689, Washwood Heath Rd., Birmham: AWKWARD SQUAD—DON'T RIDICULE, JOIN THEM.
Cpl. G. LOVELOCK, 2/1 W.K. Yeomanry, Claremorris, Co. Mayo, Ireland: GOOD BUSINESS—COCOA PRESS THOUGHT NEUTRALITY.
Gunner W. WESTANLEY, R.G.A., Antony, Cornwall: PLAIN SPEAKING—"EMBROIDERY" WASTES TIME NOW.
Mr. T. BIRD, "Hollinlea," Carlisle Road, Annan, N.B.: UNPLEASANT SURPRISE—HAIG "AUTHOR," TOMMY "PRODUCER."
Pte. W. A. JONES, Orde Rm., S.C.L.C., Fovant, Wiltshire: WAR SPOILS-BOLSHEVIKS THINK FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.
Mr. H. PARKER, Mayfield, Annan, N.B.: WHAT RUSSIA NEEDS—DETERMINED "SET" AGAINST BOLSHEVISM.
Mr. J. MYATT, 79, Newbridge Street, Wolverhampton: OUR BEER—WOULDN'T WIN AN ELECTION.
Mr. H. A. MILLER, 135, Victoria Rd., Woolston, Southampton: WHAT PACIFISTS WANT—BRITAIN "SOLD BY TREATY."
Mr. F. HIGGINBOTTOM, 12, Queen Mary's Road, Foleshill: WE ALL ENJOY—WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT STRIKE.
Mr. S. HASTINGS, Meadowside, Mead Way, Wavertree: WHEN FOCH COMMANDS—FOE NEAR, NO FEAR.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against **ZEPPELIN** and all other **AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION,** or **BLOCKADE.**

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his or her home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Sep. 28, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL
Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent.

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my house or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

Home address.....

Sep. 28, 1918 .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

4/- 4/-
oct. Gold .. 21/-, Silver - 8/-
Gold Filled .. 4/-

IDENTIFICATION DISCS
FOR WRENS or W.A.A.C.s; TOMMIES or JACKS.
HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.
SIMS & MAYER,
(Dept. J.B.)
Walter House, 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD
Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Frams, Folding Cars, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.
EASY — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

SEND YOUR SUIT
to be cleaned by the
JOHNSON PATENT PROCESS.
You will see how a soiled garment can be made to look like new again without any appearance of having been cleaned and without any shrinkage. Why buy new when a trial order will convince you of the efficacy of this method of obtaining full value from your expenditure on clothes.
SUITS cleaned 6/6. RAINCOATS cleaned 6/-
Sent through any of our 400 branches, or direct to
JOHNSON BROS., BOOTLE DYE WORKS LIVERPOOL.

I hate mysteries!

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

One of the things that first attracted me to the "Midland" was the clearly-marked prices. Amid all the £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture in the "Midland" Salons, I could tell at a glance exactly what every single article would cost. Give me the "Midland" system of having everything plain and above-board. At the "Midland" they're only too glad to have you read the prices and compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere. The price labels *prove* that.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

You're certain to find exactly what you want in the "Midland" Salons. The variety of choice is simply astonishing after all these years of War. And whether you are buying much or little—new or second-hand—the "Midland" always gives you the utmost possible value for every shilling. If you pay cash you get 10% discount—if you prefer to avail yourself of the "Midland" Ideal Terms you can furnish out of income, arranging the payments to suit your convenience. The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Free Fire, Aircraft, and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **Insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

NATIONAL PLAN TO BENEFIT THE GROWTH AND CONDITION OF THE HAIR.

Munition Workers, Land Girls, and All Men and Women Workers are invited to send the Coupon below TO-DAY.

1,000,000 "HARLENE" HAIR-HEALTH OUTFITS FREE.

IN view of the present prevalence of Hair Defects, every War-worker, every servant of King and country, and every man and woman who is energetically carrying on essential work at home, will especially welcome the wonderful National Hair-Health Campaign inaugurated by the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair-Drill."

What Is the Condition of Your Hair?

If you are worried about the condition of your hair, if it is weak, impoverished, falling out or affected with scurf, dandruff, or over-greasiness, due to war work and war-strain, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

From to-day onwards, there are to be distributed one million hair-health parcels free of all cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

Simple Method Secures Hair-Health.

The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is enthusiastically praised by a host of "Hair-Drill" devotees for the marvellously refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every-morning toilet exercise gives before facing the day's work.

POST THE FREE COUPON NOW.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT

When your hair is attacked by scurf, dandruff, over-greasiness, and begins to fall out and become brittle, thin, and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of Harlene Hair-Drill to give new health and strength to the impoverished hair-roots. Send for a free trial outfit, using the Free Coupon as directed below.

A Useful and Welcome Free Gift.

You, as one of the nation's workers, can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once simply by posting the coupon, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing of the parcel.

By return you will receive this Four-fold Gift:

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo, the finest, purest, and most soothing daily and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."
4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, which will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

"Harlene" for Men also.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair health and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d. per tin, with full directions). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 3d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address.

JOHN BULL, 28.9.18

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

You may think that a broken boot lace is a small matter—but is it? Many a train has been lost through a broken lace. Wear **Hurculaces** and avoid risk.

Hurculaces

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

The enormous demand for Hurculaces has necessitated a rationing of supplies, so if you cannot obtain immediately leave an order for delivery as early as possible. Hurculaces are so strong in wear and so smart in appearance that they are well worth waiting for.

Stocked by all Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.

Manufacturers: FAIRE BROS. & CO., LTD., LEICESTER.

IT COSTS YOU £0 : 0 : 0

Our Clothes Renovation Service costs you nothing really, for your suits and overcoats last two or three times as long when you

SEND THEM TO THE BRITISH

and you always appear well groomed; trousers faultless; coats creaseless; no loose buttons or worn buttonholes; no spots or shabbiness. We clean, attend to minor repairs, re-shape and press in best West-end style for 7/6 per suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform. Yearly valet service at low charges. Write for particulars.

British Tailoring & Repairing Co.
34-38, Great College Street, London, N.W.1.
Telephones: North 2882, 2883.

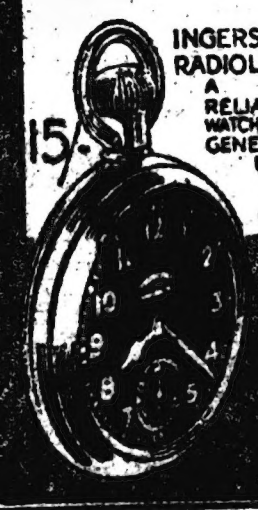
Free collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad use parcel post. We post back free.

EVENTUALLY

there will be an Ingersoll Radiolite for everyone.

To-day there is a temporary shortage owing to the urgent needs of soldiers, sailors and airmen. *These must be supplied.* Meanwhile the public are urged to accept any Ingersoll Model available. If you are fortunate enough to possess an Ingersoll take care of it. With ordinary care it lasts a lifetime and will not need repair. Repair work is also delayed—men have joined the Forces—parts are difficult to obtain—be patriotic and don't waste material or labour.

Ingersoll Radiolite



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A RELIABLE WATCH FOR GENERAL USE

watches show the time by day and glow the time by night—24 hours-a-day continuous service.

INGERSOLL QUALITY WATCHES

are usually sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom.

60/- down to 15/-

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